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Facts and Fancies

by

Melvina Adele Lott

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Facts and Fancies

Written and published by
Melvina Adele Lott

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I, Melvina Adele Lott, was born in Canada, but have lived nearly all my life in Los Angeles, California.

I wrote the verses of this booklet as special occasions dictated and am happy to dedicate them to my daughter Theadora Adele Keller.

The object of printing this booklet is that it be sold and all money derived therefrom used for charity.

Friendship

There are so called friends who only pretend;
While on others you may always depend.
Some will flatter to accomplish some gain,
The ones you can trust, are ones to remain.

Friends you can count in a different grade,
Are those proved true, and those easily made.
And friends that you like in a passing way,
Are not like the ones that you're sure will stay.

Friendship that is sought for some selfish end,
Is that on which you can never depend.
True friends can't be compared with our shadows,
To follow us only when the sun glows.

Friendship is one of the dearest treasures;
From which we derive our greatest pleasures.
The rich can not monopolize that game,
The poor can have and enjoy it the same.

Loss of true friends, like the loss of an eye,
Can not be replaced, however you try.
So hold them, and fail not to tell them too—
What their love, and their friendship means to you.

It hurts to be injured in any way,
Either mentally or physically;
But what can cause the most anguish and pain,
Is losing a friend you cannot regain.

If you're a friend worth loving let him know,
Before his brow is tinged with sunset glow.
Don't wait till he dies some nice things to say;
He'd like to hear them, so say them to-day.

My Granma

I'm jest a little boy, what has red hair,
An so many freckles, all brown they be.
But my granma says I'm buteful so there—
Won't cry any more when boys laff at me.

My granma's hair is so soft an so white;
An she has big brown eyes that look at me.
An smile an winks at me, when I do right;
But looks sorry, when I'm bad as can be.

My granma's seventy-six, she's not old;
She muses me, an tells me stories too,
All 'bout boys growing strong an great an bold;
An 'bout some bear stories that's reelly true.

One time when I was sliding down some hay—
My granma said she did that when a girl.
I asked her if she'd slide, with me that day?
She did like anything, all in a whirl.

Onc't I cut my toe, it hurt like everything;
Ma said; "Go way I'm busy making pie."
But granma got a clean white rag and string—
So's to do my toe up, she said she'd try.

One time I hollered, got scared in the night,
Ma said, "I told you not to eat the cake—
That you'd have a bad dream, and get a fright—
Go back to sleep, an don't keep me awake."

Soon's ma went away, then granma did come;
Said she was sorry I had stomach ache.
Brought in castoria and gave me some;
An stayed with me all time I was awake.

Wonder if all boys have any granma?
Prap's all of 'em aint jest like mine you see.
An prap's some of 'em have jest a granpa;
But mine's jest the nicest one that can be.

My Soul

I sometimes feel such terrible hate,
Could almost life, in my anger take;
When I can't find words that will express—
The rage, the hatred, the mad distress.
But why dash myself into the sheol?
And thus part company with my Soul?

Large sums of money could sometimes make,
While gross advantage of others take;
Could fill my purse in dishonest ways,
And live in luxury all my days.
Gaining wealth, while from others I stole,
But losing company with my Soul.

Oft' times my body is racked with pain,
When relief from any source seems vain;
And think of all cases, mine the worse,
Often feel sorely tempted to curse.
Surely my life is not like a mole—
I should keep company with my Soul.

Am filled with conceit and foolish pride,
Suffering poverty I deride;
Loving but self with a stony heart,
With care of others taking no part.
Living the life of an ass's foal,
While parting company with my Soul.

I love in a way I can not tell,
The kind of love that drives one to hell;
Love that is passionate, bold and strong,
But makes one a sinner loving wrong.
Should I then let conscience pay the toll?
And all eternity lose my Soul?

Life is too short to live it all wrong,
When with God's grace I could be strong;
His love can make me so tender, so true;
Loving and patient in all I do.
There's but one way to win the goal—
By keeping company with my Soul.

If life were all sunshine it would be monotonous.

What

What can I say that has not been said?
Of the pleasant things found in life?
What can I tell that has not been told?
Of all the worlds' sadness and strife?

What can I see no other has seen?
The beautiful every where found—
I can see with just my own view point—
All the bad and the good around.

What can I hear not heard by others?
There is music in everything.
It's just within self, in mind and will
That gives all a musical ring.

What can I be no other has been?
Nothing but my only self, me.
For there were never two just alike;
So I can just one pattern be.

What can I do that has not been done?
In this world of pleasure and strife?
It is only character that counts—
In the building to make a life.

What can I love any more than you?
Only that which belongs to me—
As personal gifts from God I love;
And that is just as it should be.

What can I take with me when I go?
Not an item more than can you.
We bring nothing in, take nothing out,
'Tis something we can not undo.

What are the pleasures to be enjoyed—
By the taste, touch, hearing or sight—
Not enjoyed by the first here on earth?
The answer is none and 'tis right.

When I pass on and my story told,
I'll be worth just this, hear me say!
Not one cent less, or a penny more—
Than what I have given away.

When I shall go to the Great Beyond—
And the song of my life is sung—
I'll be remembered by just one thing;
And that will be, what I have done.

Composed for "Dollar Social"—1902

Remembering the saying that "Money breeds money,"
Invested my dollar in a way that's funny,
Took ten dimes and placed them in a soft cosy nest;
And put them on a mantle for ten days to rest.

Expecting to find in that time money plenty,
Believe I was surprised to find nickels twenty.
Thinking ten days more time would bring dollars many,
I was vexed to find them all turned to one penny.

Thought to try but once more with this penny of rust,
So on it I sprinkled a spoonful of gold dust.
Then it changed to this fiver, to bring up the rear,
And for my good luck, I know you ladies will cheer.

Don'ts

Don't talk in a circle—
You may as well girgle,
You'll not succeed in getting anywhere.
Lacking point to your say—
You can talk for a day,
And be like a big bag filled with air.

Don't start out "a shopping"—
And in all stores stopping,
Just to show that you understand that word.
Not purchasing but say—
You'll call again next day,
Annoying clerks in ways that are absurd.

Don't grumble through your life—
As though in constant strife,
Fretting and finding fault with every thing.
If you'll smile every day—
You'll live longer that way,
Make others happier to hear you sing.

Don't use slang in your speech—
Such as: "that is a screech,"
And, that "kid" forever "getting my goat."
"Now it's sure up to you"—
"You'll get yours if you do,"
And, "Gee! But she's some jazzy petticoat."

Don't live like an upstart—
And pretend to be smart;
For if you are bright, 'twill surely be known.
To act part of a snob—
Is much like the corn cob,
The better part is not there to be shown.

Don't you worry and fret—
Getting yourself upset,
About troubles you never can prevent.
Worry never did pay—
Yesterday or to-day,
All your time is wasted in that way spent.

Banquet, 1913

Guest of Honor - - Dr. Charles Edward Locke
Time - - - September Ninth, Seven O'clock
Music - - - - Harp, Miss Myrtle F. Ouellet
Occasion - - - Celebrate Our Guests' Birthday
Place - - - - - - Alexandria Hotel
Remarks - - Our Guests' Age We Need Not Tell
Guests - - - - There Are Forty in Number
Menu - - - Naught to Disturb Our Slumber

Toastmaster, Dr. H. W. Brodbeck

Locks - - - - - - Mrs. Rose A. Seymour
Anniversaries - - - - - Mr. W. F. Cronemiller
September - - - - - - Mrs. T. H. Oxnam
Don't Worry - - - - - - Mrs. J. F. Poole
Friends - - - - - - - Mrs. S. P. Mulford
Why Is a Banquet? - - - Mr. C. A. Parmelee
Our Guest - - - - - - Mrs. Melvina A. Lott
Response - - - - Dr. Charles Edward Locke

Melvina Adele Lott, Hostess.

Our Guest

Composed for banquet 1913, to
Dr. Charles Edward Locke

September the ninth eighteen hundred and—
Our honored guest was born.
'Twas in the famous city of Pittsburgh,
On a Wednesday, in the morn.

Dr. Locke by happy coincidence,
Luck, providence, chance or fate,
Was admitted to this great republic,
On the same day as our state.

Dr. Locke does not like to count birthdays,
But long as I can shall see—
That every twelve months he'll surely add,
A whole year's time as do we.

Had February twenty-ninth been the day—
He would then have had an excuse—
To cut off a good slice of his numbers—
But with his date it's no use.

He is very happy seeing you all—
Around this table to-night;
For that joy smile that always stays with him,
Is now exceedingly bright.

I am sure that his smile is contagious;
Just now you all looked his way,
And your expression is so much better,
I hope it is on to stay.

A very frequent question is what makes—
You all love your pastor so?
Am very sure that I know the answer—
Because he loves us you know.

I do not always know how to express—
Just what I would like to say.
You may all use your talent for guessing,
What I would say of this day.

Hope that we all may be near him next year,
To wish him the very best,
As I'm sure you all join me now hoping—
He with all favors be blest.

We wish earth's choicest gifts to be his—
Want his health the very best.
And forty years more of his labor here;
Then heaven's home for the rest.

To Bishop Locke

Composed for Farewell Reception to Bishop Locke, 1920.

On July Fourth at the great reception,
No female had a chance to say
That we hold you in fondest affection,
And sorry you are going away.

One horrid thing a minister did say,
That Bishop Locke did spill the beans.
He surely could have found another way,
To make a rhyme for Philippines.

A female would not have used such a phrase,
Before a large congregation;
But only words of affection and praise,
Expressing her great appreciation.

When we are about to build a new church,
For which you cherished a notion,
You have climbed and reached a very high perch,
To land you across the ocean.

We're very sorry to lose our Captain,
When accustomed to the Locke step,
For our equilibrium to maintain,
And not make a too sudden stop.

After a twelve year inoculation,
We are all immune from Locke-jaw,
For twenty-seven hundred congregation,
'Tis an exception to the law.

As Helms do steer all ships aright,
We'll be guided as time goes by;
Look in the future as by second sight,
With eyes ever smiling and dry.

Because our pastor is going away,
Two thoughts I am pleased to relate;
One is, some day he will come back to stay;
Second, we're his last pastorate.

We're proud of the honor bestowed on you,
Which makes our parting consoling;
It was a debt that was long overdue;
So that will ease our condoling.

Sincerest love to you, Bishop Locke,
Wishing you a very long life;
From the female half of your M. E. flock,
Wishing the same for your dear wife.

Observations

No matter how clever, witty or bright—
Is the thing that you wrote
Don't expect your kin-folk
To give you credit 'twas written just right.

Might be as good cook as ever was known,
Be sure most of the praise—
Comes from strangers always;
Instead of from those with whom you have grown.

However noble a deed you may do.
Those at home find the flaws,
And give you the ha ha's—
'Tis credit by strangers that's given you.

Best should be said of whatever you do—
Character, Ability,
Disposition, Beauty.
By the ones nearest, and dearest to you.

Since the time of Adam so it is said,
If you've lived as you should—
Being patient and good;
Credit is given just after you're dead.

Some flattery though one knows 'tis not true;
Is better than a growl—
Or a cross ugly scowl;
And helps one oft times from getting too blue.

Little praise now and then helps a whole lot—
Leaving out all the blame
Will not lessen your fame;
And it helps the sorrows of life to blot.

If at one you wish to throw a bouquet,
To some one some cheer bring—
Saying some kindly thing,
Don't wait till that body has passed away.

My Lover

Life would not be worth the living,
Could I not see you my Dear.
To you all my thoughts are going,
Ever wishing you were near.
Life's too short to lose all loving,
This world would be very queer
If 'twere all work and all striving,
All of worry and of fear.
For the heart is ever hoping,
There is one to shed a tear,
When we're severed by a parting,
E'n the time be not a year.
Day by day I'm ever longing,
For a smile from you my Dear.

Do all things creditably without expectation of praise.

Missionary "Tea"

Read in 1894, when E. J. Inwood was pastor.

The First M. E. Church on Cajon St. stands,
It calls as we pass; our attention demands;
There's no church in Redlands of which we're so proud,
Though it cannot boast of spires reaching a cloud.

They say this good church on its record can boast
Of members four hundred, a wonderful host:
Only few of them go to see and be seen
And to worship the Lord a little between.

For most of the brothers and sisters too
Are very large hearted, generous and true.
In helping and giving they do very well;
But "Tis blessed to give" we often hear tell.

If we all take hold with our hearts filled with love,
Great work we may do for our Father above;
We can give pleasant words if our money gives out,
And give silent prayers if too timid to shout.

We have the best pastor conference affords.
He is noble, good, broad in deeds and in words;
He preaches the truth with no uncertain sound,
And ever with right and with duty is found.

I did not intend a long story to make,
So will take up my subject for our "Missions" sake;
We have "Foreign Missions" and "Home Missions" dear
So the people get mixed and do not see clear.

They think one's the other, when all's said and done,
One is the other, and the other's the *one*.
We wish a large number some more time could spend,
And our "Home Missionary" meetings attend.

For our meetings are small we number so few,
We accomplish so little with so much to do;
The church must wake up and the sisters come out,
And help in this work we are talking about.

Let's not be discouraged or faint by the way,
Remembering Christ's promise "I'm with you today;"
He's our strength and refuge and whate'er we do,
Let us wait on the Lord our strength to renew.

"Well! but what can I do" I hear some one say,
Keep thinking and trying you'll soon find the way;
A small sum of money, a few words of prayer
Has, and will do more good than we're aware.

Sister Bush helping to encourage the few,
Has come to the rescue in a way that's new;
By asking the people, old, young, great and small,
To enter her parlors we've answered her call.

Sister Bush told us to come make her a call—
In a body, so we have come one and all;
She said she would give us—she did not say bread—
A good cup of tea, I think that's what she said.

Sisters! If this "Mission Tea" proves a success,
And cheers up our spirits as 'twill more or less;
I make you a motion that soon we invest;
Not in a cup of tea but a good sized chest.

And have *teas* once a month, and try to wake up—
The sleeping sisters with the festive tea cup;
We'll stir up interest with sugar and cream,
But will let it evaporate with little steam.

Birthday Greeting to O. P. Conaway

Fifty years ago to-day it is said,
In Iowa was born a little towhead.
While so young as to use a trundle bed
On a birthday his mother to him said
"What most do you wish for my little Ted?"
He answered " 'lasses to put on my bread."
When it was time to eat he always led,
But made a fuss when told to go to bed.
He was not like other boys to raise "ned";
Sometimes he was naughty then all would dread,
To hear him stamp and in heavy boots tread.
As he grew, and showed that he was well bred,
And liking lasses he chose one to wed.
She is a good cook, and can make his bread,
Not the doughy kind, or heavy like lead
But the good kind, on which 'lasses to spread.
Now he's old, with little hair on his head.
But he is good natured, and looks well fed.
And is a councilman too, I have read.
Hope he'll live long, for he'll be long time dead.
I hear he still eats when not sick abed;
And likes all colors but one and that's red.
He never had raven locks on his head,
'Twas that much less to rave over, he said.
Not having molasses I brought instead,
Some maple syrup to put on his bread.
If it proves too thin and it will not spread
And runs all over the side of his bread,
His wife can make candy of it instead;
Save it for Christmas, be that much ahead.
I am happy since all is done and said

He retains his taste for 'lasses and bread,
For when that taste is gone, you may well dread,
And know the time is near, he'll need no bread.
This ends my story of little towhead,
For our host this evening was little Ted.
And our hostess the lassie that he wed;
Sweeter to him than all 'lasses for bread.

Lonesome

My health is good, and my food the best;
And have a good bed on which to rest.
Nothing to fret me or to annoy;
Have a host of friends to wish me joy.

But there's discontent, a something wrong—
A certain longing that is so strong—
Ginger is lost in all sought pleasure,
The pep of joy lost without measure.

If I take a book and try to read,
All words look alike, they do indeed.
There's but one subject that I can find,
On which 'tis easy to fix my mind.

Why am I lonely? Can you not guess?
Think you know why Dear so I'll confess.
Some one I know is now far away;
That is the reason I can't feel gay.

There's only one thing that I can do;
And that is to think Dear heart of you.
When I again see you face to face,
My mind shall then find its normal place.

A Story

Done in ten minutes winning a prize.

You ask me friends to spin a yarn,
  Now that's quite easily said;
But if you think it's not a job—
  Just stand here in my stead.

To tell you something you don't know
  I surely would not try;
And tell a story you've all heard,
  Most surely would be dry.

I never could a story tell,
  That is not in my line;
Some have that very special gift;
  But never was it mine.

If you'll kindly give a topic—
  'Twould save a little time;
About something very simple—
  I'll try to make a rhyme.

I can not speak of the weather—
  You'd think me dull indeed;
And why speak about the fashions—
  On that we're all agreed.

I can think of one new story—
  I hesitate to tell;
For the joke is on your hostess—
  And somewhat of a sell.

I hardly dare to tell you all—
There are so many here,
I'll whisper it to just a few;
Who are to me most dear.

Now that I have you all guessing—
Think I will take my seat;
For I have talked and said nothing,
Since being on my feet.

Read when presenting piece of Cut Glass to Martha L. Zander

Dear lady friends, each other here we greet,
For a social hour and a bite to eat.
And in so doing—in sincere candor—
We wish to honor our chairman Zander.

It is not necessary now to tell—
All of her good traits to us known so well;
We've proved her a noble patriot too,
In all things lovely we stamp her "True Blue."

She has well served this First Methodist band,
We thank and love her, and give the "Glad Hand."
And when the time comes as it surely will—
To disband, 'tis hoped we'll be good friends still.

Now my dear we can not let this hour pass,
Without giving you a small piece of glass.
'Tis but a small gift from this Red Cross Band
For flowers and fruit you can use this stand.

The Woman Who Would Rule The Universe

There is nothing done just right or things as they should be,
Unless bossed by the female, who makes you wish to flee;
Her tongue is always wagging, and ever to the bad.
Praise to no one is given. Nothing to do but gad—
The mother with her babies all happy, fat, and strong,
Is told her mode of dressing, and of feeding them is wrong—
I'm sure the little youngsters would be in hands far worse,
If mothered by the one who would rule the universe.

"Each cow has her corner," but she wants the entire square.
She ridicules and watches, in a way that's quite unfair—
There's nothing that she misses, in what she passes by,
She's ever on the watch tower, with her eagle eye.
If a man talks to a woman other than his wife,
She must tell him quickly, how to lead a better life,
She's jealous, and deceitful, and other things far worse;
The female who tries to rule the entire universe.

There's not a judge or preacher who says a thing just right,
Has a chip upon her shoulder, is looking for a fight,
There is no one dressing just exactly to her taste.
They are either much too large, or slender at the waist.
All are looking very old, or dressing much too young.
So at ev'ry passer-by a hateful word is flung.
Some day we'll hear that she's gone, to better or to worse,
But few will mourn for her, who would rule the universe.

Christmas Party

My story is of a night in December,
All who were present will surely remember;
For bunch number one to meet bunch number two,
Surely the Conaway's knew just what to do.
In one evening of joy, and hilarious fun,
One would never Seymour under the sun.

'Twas not an occasion for locking of hearts,
But more in the nature of eating of tarts;
For Conaways' always have good things to eat
Of every description—'twould be hard to beat;
For Lottie's a cook, and can ev'rything make
From old fashioned doughnuts to fine basket cake.

Two nights after Christmas, and there stood a tree
In a corner, pretty, and tall as could be;
Loaded with gifts so that everyone got
Something from a pin to a valuable Lott.
John S. Myers got such a list of stick pins strong,
He failed to audit, because being too long.

Only one bad thing happened that night 'tis said,
The Conaway kids had to be sent to bed;
They had eaten too much and so came to harm,
With an awful colicky pain in the arm.
Then special nurse Minnie went to their relief
With a bottle of glue, and saved them from grief.

The fairest one present that night I will state,
Was called little Edith, that much I'll relate;
That evening one whispered with voice that rang true,
My dear little lady I'd Seymour of you.
He admires her much, said lady Luella,
I think him to be a very nice feller.

Then there was fine music that went with a go,
Led by a master—Joe Anderson "Our Joe."
And Doctor Wilson, he of the charming smile,
Told several stories in his matchless style.
Lottie, Minnie and Jessie, good singers too,
Each had a stunt, all had something to do.

'Twas agreed the bunches were very well met,
Hard to get gayer ones together you bet;
But soon it grew late, for the time went so fast,
Like all great pleasures that can't always last.
All were of one mind when at parting they said:
We'll remember this always, till we are quite dead.

Composed for Membership Social, 1912

When first I joined this church, was but twelve years of age,
What the year I need not tell;
For Doctor Locke says that our looks should be the gauge,
If you guess wrong all is well.

It was the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six,
I joined again by letter.
And in all of the church societies did mix;
My Christian life to better.

There is no other in this church with name like mine,
So I am no duplicate.
I shall try henceforth to let my little light shine,
And from all wrong separate.

They certainly assumed a Lott when they took me,
To them I am a debtor,
For very little service I ever could be,
Since I put in my letter.

A Dream Quilt

Composed for "Talent Social"

One day I dreamed a dream most wonderful,
Of handling such elegant things;
Pieces of all colors so beautiful
Like those in the butterfly wings.

There was California's poppy yellow,
Mingled with Ireland's shamrock green;
Then the shades of the orchard and meadow,
With the blue of the sky was seen.

There was much of the soft grey of a dove,
With brilliant poinsettia red.
And I saw much of the pink that I love,
Nestling in a white muslin bed.

I cut into one piece, then another,
With scissors my hands worked so fast;
Matching different colors together,
Enjoying the work to the last.

Then when I had cut thousands of pieces,
And colors matched ready to sew;
Had to iron all the wrinkles and creases,
For the work must be smooth you know.

Then when the pieces together were sewn,
Of such wondrous colors galore;
It was the prettiest thing ever shown,
A dream for the eye evermore.

Have kept you in suspense quite long enough,
It was a quilt those pieces made.
While its wondrous beauty could be a bluff,
Not so with the price that was paid.

I'll admit the quilt was a bit crazy,
But I'm sure the price is all right;
While the dream quilt story is quite hazy,
This ten dollar bill is in sight.

His Promise

"Fear not, I am with thee."
Precious promise given,
Like a star of glory ever,
Lighting my way to heaven.

Steps unseen before me,
Dangers all unknown,
Still His promise not to leave me,
He'll never leave me alone.

Roses fade all around me,
Everything seems drear,
Precious still the hope within me,
Whispering, be of cheer.

Joy like birds of springtime,
To my heart has flown,
Singing always, Oh! so sweetly,
He will not leave me alone.

'Tis the troublesome things of life, that cause us to appreciate the joys and pleasures when gotten.

Composed for Experience Social—1921

Just how to make money in an honest way,
For this Experience Social I'll say—
A long time I studied, and worked my brain,
To think of a good plan, but all in vain.

If I did housekeeping there would be a chance,
Or if married, you can see at a glance,
There would be millions of chances to make some "dough"
In unique ways as you very well know.

Could think of only one way that would be nice,
And that would be by a real sacrifice.
Stop eating ice cream; candy of every kind,
To do that requires a very strong mind.

Ev'ry time I thought of ice cream to partake,
I must remember the denial to make.
And at once put by, the amount I had saved,
A great sacrifice, when ice cream I craved.

There's a frown on my brow, a tear in my voice,
When I think of chances to make a choice
Of an ice cream soda, or orange frappe;
Just a malted milk was all I could say.

Why is it the thing we need let alone
Is the thing we most wish for or bemoan?
Because I had said I would not eat candy,
'Twas always put before me so handy.

'Tis four months I've been in this awful despair,
To make the money for this nights' affair.
There were times when tempted, I almost did scream,
When offered a big fat chocolate cream.

I've been laughed at and called a big sillyhead,
Because I did ask for money instead
Of candy, when very best friends wished to buy,
Made me feel quite foolish enough to cry.

I knew this trying ordeal wouldn't always last;
That some day I would not have to run fast,
To get past a candy store, or sweet shop
With ungraceful bounds, for fear I would stop.

This ends my sad story, on this April day;
How I saved some money with which to pay
Ten dollars for Experience Social Fund;
And please my friend Madame S. P. Mulford.

To all our friends, both far and near,
This message we are sending,
Believing you'll be pleased to help
The greatest cause and blessing.

To make money for RED CROSS work
We'll have a bazaar in May;
Hope you can send something for us
To sell on that special day.

We thank you all who can assist,
And we'll add this promise too,
That when you need this kind of help—
We will send some things to you.

Nothing But Lies

Composed for "Experience Social"—1920.

In ways that were mean and tricks that were vain,
A little money I managed to gain.
You'll agree with me when my story's told,
My way was not common, but somewhat bold.
It was similar to a bunco game,
And winning that way I should feel some shame.
I did not flim flam the same crowd more than once,
For not one of them could be called a dunce.

The first money for this affair I made,
During a dinner party—four plates laid.
Three dollars were promised if I could float,
Money on water, so I built a boat,
Of toothpicks, on these the money was laid;
They saw and believed, and the money paid.
Secondly, a crowd promised me a dime,
For every berry picked in winter time.

Not more than a mile from my home away,
Giving for wager in time but a day.
On a large thorny bush not hard to find,
I stuck preserved berries all of a kind.
There were fifty blackberries stuck on tight,
That netted five dollars, now that's all right.
My third experience will be very brief,
I visited a farm and came to grief.

My brother it is who owns a goat farm,
Said he'd give me two dollars and no harm
Would come to me, if I would only try,
To milk his pet Nanny Goat, I came nigh
Losing my temper, and making a scene,
For an up to date movie picture machine.
That goat took advantage, humiliated me;
'Twas no compensation, that two dollar fee.

Now, I shall try to tell you how money grows,
That money makes money everyone knows.
How, if penny seeds are properly sown,
Nickels are sprouted is very well known.
Then soon the nickel buds turn into dimes,
If nourished with joy, and kept where sun shines;
Must sometimes be moistened by sorrow's tears
To keep them from drying up through the years.

All pleasure will not let money plant bloom,
It must be tempered by sadness and gloom.
Ten pennies I planted, did very well,
They thrived and flourished, so now I can tell.
The penny seeds to dollar blossoms grew;
That added Ten Dollars—I'll give that too.
The wild fancies of my mind will help fill
Ladies' Aid fund, with twenty dollar bill.

First recitation of Esperance Lott, 1894

Faithful boys make faithful men;
In all things do your best, and then
You'll have a name when you grow old,
Worth more to you than shining gold.

Composed for reception to Dr. Elmer E. Helms, 1920

Dr. Helms, we sincerely, happily greet you,
And promise our hearty support,
Confident that as our pastor and leader, too,
There will be a splendid report.

I can anticipate one thought you would express—
That it is with trepidation—
And a little anxiety you will confess,
That you face our congregation.

It is true great men have been shepherds of this flock;
Cantine and the great McIntyre,
Together with loving, big hearted Bishop Locke,
As grandly Helms, will now aspire.

One thing I can tell you, for which you'll be grateful,
You'll not have to "face the music"—
The choir you'll soon learn, are good backers and helpful,
And assist as if by magic.

As Captain of this twenty-seven hundred band,
(For Helms all ships aright do steer—)
We'll be your faithful sailors to uphold your hand;
And with confidence, have no fear.

Assured that as the ship sails on its forward way
It will escape the wicked shoal—
Anchored with safety, well moored into the bay,
Having, with honors won the goal.

While you serve as Captain of this Methodist crew,
Your good wife is chosen first mate.
I'm sure the crew will always be faithful to you,
And never your orders forsake.

While we are extending our hands for your greeting,
(For the wife as well as for you—)
We intend to commence today with this meeting
To pledge you our loyalty, true!

Composed while at Burleson Sanitarium

Grand Rapids has a Sanitarium—
Where the Burleson Doctors lure;
They will guarantee a cure,
Of your trouble I am sure—
If 'tis part of your body called rectum.

On East Fulton street the Burleson you'll find,
Number one, four, eight, is the
Place, as cosy as can be,
If you doubt me go and see,
And you'll find all attendants good and kind.

The food is of the highest quality;
What to eat they do not say;
All the people there are gay—
For they eat three times a day,
And not limited as to quantity.

You will feel but little pain, I can say—
For I've tried it, so 'tis true;
If that trouble, troubles you—
You can get relief there too;
Do not wait, start for Burleson's right away.

Written to George Lott (Very Stout) while he was in Palo Verde Valley. Summer 1906.

'Tis a wonderful thing to be glad.
Glad rain is over, though 'tis a bit warm,
Glad Summer is here, though many flies swarm.
While there are rattle-snakes, none bite you.
Glad there is soda for "skeeter" bites too,
'Tis a terrible thing to be sad.

'Tis a wonderful thing to be glad.
Glad there's no butter, for it would not keep,
Though bed is hard, a quiet place to sleep,
Glad there is a boat, if caught in a flood,
Glad there is no fruit, to poison your blood,
'Tis a terrible thing to be sad.

'Tis a wonderful thing to be glad.
There's plenty to eat, though it's somewhat coarse,
Plenty of water, that could be much worse,
Glad you are not fat,when in Summer heat,
Glad you are alive, and have both your feet,
'Tis a terrible thing to be sad.

Regarding birth we had no voice,
Nor can we know the day,
The manner, cause or way,
How we die cannot be our choice.

'Tis Providential that it is so;
For we would fret and cry,
If we knew we must die
In place, time, and way we shall go.

Composed for Dollar Social in 1895

One eve in the month of May—
When the moon was shining bright,
Mr. Lott and I were sitting,
In our room without a light.
And not knowing what to say—
Looking out into the night—
I whistled a merry tune;
Then when I had finished quite,
I said how much is that worth?
When Mr. Lott just then outright—
Threw in my lap one dollar;
Very much to my delight.
I will proffer an advice,
Before ending this epistle,
When the times are very "hard,"
Don't mind how troubles bristle;
Hold your own and just stand firm
But go ahead and whistle.
Never mind how troubles come,
Take a rose or take a thistle;
Never stop to mourn your woes,
But go ahead and whistle.

A Toast

Man was made first, and woman soon after,
She's been after him ever since then;
None of them perfect, they all have some fault,
But we do not want angels but men.

Some of them are wise, and some otherwise,
But we love them because they are men;
May our best wishes attend all of them,
We will drink to their welfare—the men.

Composed for last luncheon of Red Cross Workers at First M. E. Church

April twenty-fourth nineteen nineteen,
Again we meet here together,
As co-workers, for a social hour;
Before we disband forever.

For we wish to honor, thank and praise,
The ones who have done most to make
This company of workers helpful—
In all things that we undertake.

You have been patient and diligent,
Doing as good soldiers should do;
All done for the love in the doing—
For the cause that is dear to you.

Praise is dear to all normal creatures—
All can swallow without much feeling
Much of that intoxicating sweet—
Without the danger of reeling.

To all it is most gratifying—
Now and then to get little praise,
For work well done, or duty performed;
And helps to make pleasant our days.

We should not wait till our friends are deaf—
Have we a compliment to pay,
And lost sense of smell, and stone blind,
If wishing to give a bouquet.

When we pass on and our value told,
'Twill be worth just this hear we say!
Not one cent less, or one penny more—
Than what we have given away.

When we shall go to the great beyond
And the song of our life is sung,
We'll be remembered by just one thing—
And that will be what we have done.

Friends

If you have friends you can trust,
Some that you've proved true—
Why hesitate to tell them
Their value to you.

You can live without money,
On which much depends;
But life's not worth the living,
If you have no friends.

Friends like love you cannot buy;
They're priceless to you.
Cherish and keep them always,
You're rich if you do.

May the years that are before you,
Outnumber the ones past,
Wishing that each successive year
Be better than the last.

Greeting To Our Pastor in 1912

Dear pastor, am voicing the sentiments of all,
When I say we're rejoicing at your return call.
Not only of members, but friends too I can say—
Are rejoicing with us because you will stay.

We are proud of this church, sir, but prouder of you,
We not only admire you, but love you we do.
You're the choice, sir, of many, the pick of the land,
And make a good shepherd for this Christian band.

You preach here the gospel with no uncertain sound,
And point out the wrong to us where'er it is found,
We are sure greater blessings this year will attend,
And shall strive all our efforts in that line to bend.

No use giving church history, you know all that.
We wish simply to state that we're glad you came back.
Doctor Locke we greet you in good simple fashion.
With hands of welcome, and hearts tender passion.

Sent with check for wedding gift

Accept this check dear lady fair,
With which to buy a dish or chair.
I much prefer that you should buy
A gift with this; I'll tell you why.
Among the tokens you'll receive
Many duplicates I believe.
Now from that crime I would be free,
So choose for self, and so please me.
May all best joys attend your life,
And make of you a happy wife.

Be Kind

Have you thought how well to spend today?
By helping some one in some way?
That when tomorrow shall pass this way
You'll think of happy yesterday?

Today can you not some kind thing do?
To one not fortunate as you?
There's never a day, which you pass through
In which some good, you can not do.

The pleasant smile, and the helping hand,
Make doubting minds to understand.
To do for others is something grand
We should not wait for a command.

'Tis the doing something that is kind,
That gives one true content you'll find;
For the happy consciousness of mind
Is satisfied, by being kind.

Strive to live each day that some soul, sad
Sick or weary, will be made glad.
Without kindness this world would go mad,
Better it, by the life that you've had.

Do be kind brother and sister mine,
And help the sun to brighter shine
On some sad soul, to make friend of thine,
Make of your life a heavenly sign.

Some weary traveler you can make
His burden lighter, if you take
A share to carry, for His name's sake,
'Twill bring you nearer heaven's gate.

The value of good you cannot know
By being kind, to friend or foe.
Make fires burn brighter, and embers glow
To warm a soul, who needs it so.

Don't wait, today do the kindly thing,
Who knows what tomorrow will bring?
'Tis today we happily should sing,
Songs of gladness with joyous Spring.

'Tis more of kindness this old world needs,
More of mercy, and heartfelt deeds.
Just living each day, where sunshine leads
To speed the growth, of well sown seeds.

Each day cast smiles of gladness somewhere,
They are garlands of joy, so rare
To saddened hearts, or those in despair,
'Twill gladden them, that you do care.

We should strive to live all our todays
By being kind, to go our ways,
That when sun casts her tomorrow's rays
Reflect *well done*, for yesterdays.

What To Eat—Monologue

Here are radishes, and olives too,
Some celery, and raw onions, Phew!
If I did eat this mock turtle soup,
I'd soon not be worth a single "whoop."
There's halibut steak, and salmon trout,
Too rich—that's sure to give me the gout.

Oh! grilled lobster, the smell is enough!
Nearly died on that once, and cream puff.
I could eat oysters on the half shell,
But I don't like them so very well.
*You say why not have some oysters fried?
I tried them once and I *nearly died.*

Go wait on some of those other folks,*
Let me see about these artichokes.
'Tis a problem to know what to eat,
Here is sour-kraut and pickled pigs feet,
Ev'ry bill has baked beans and brown bread,
Guess I'll have to read that till I'm dead.

I might try this—chicken a le creme,
But 'twould fill my gall bladder again,
Dare I eat this Mulligan stew?
I'd sure be an angel if I do.
Corned beef and cabbage, stuffed tomatoes,
Horrors! I'd surely "turn up my toes."

I dare not call for veal fricasse,
'Twould cause the death of me right away,
I hope that waiter won't come back soon,
Here's a small fillet with sauce mushroom.
Land sakes! a dollar for just a bite!
To ask such a price is wrong alright.

Belgian hare a le Maryland,
With fresh green peas—I bet they are canned.
Nice thick steak, would taste good I declare,
But it causes terrible nightmare.
There's liver and onions, that is worse,
I'd be ready to ride in a hearse.

Such horrid indigestible food,
To read this puts me in awful mood.
*You ask would I like a ham sandwich?
Then the sexton would need dig a ditch.
You go again for a little bit,*
He'll not get out of me any "tip."

I like it but dare not eat pork roast,
If I did, I'd die dead as a post.
Roast beef and gravy just makes me sick,
For the gravy is always too thick.
There are eggs fixed in every way,
Boiled, fried, scrambled and poached for today.

Potatoes boiled, baked, some fried in fat,
Can't eat starchy food, that settles that.
There's wax, green and lima beans, all three,
Causes gastritis, won't do for me.
Now here's something that looks good to me,
But makes me bilious as I can be.

'Tis chocolate cake with it ice cream,
And strawberry shortcake, that's a dream.
I would like a pineapple sundae,
French pastry, and vanilla frappe.
But I do wish to live a while yet,
And that stuff does my stomach upset.

Now here comes that waiter again to me,
And not one thing to eat do I see.
*You ask would I like something to drink?
Just wait a moment and let me think.
What? Would I have a cup of coffee?
With my bad heart? 'Twould nail my coffin.

Postum? I know too much about *that.*
And milk inclines to make one too fat.
Nothing I want but bread and butter,
And please bring me a glass of water.*
Thought I was hungry when I came in,
But I know, to eat *too much* is a sin.

*Talking to imaginary waiter.

Song—Tune, Beneath Thy Window

Our greeting Doctor, to the wife as well as you,
From this society of Ladies' Aiders true.
You can depend on us, if there is work to do,
We are the First Church workers, and make money too.

CHORUS:

We're happy to meet you, and pleased to greet you,
We'll ever be loyal, to wife and you too.
So trust us, we'll prove to you,
To be great helpers, in what we do.

We are expecting very much of you here,
The work is very hard, but you've no need to fear,
For all stand ready, to give help and give cheer,
In doing Christ's great work, while He is ever near.

Song—Tune, Christmas Joys.

Christmas Eve

Christmas eve, bright lights are shining,
Alike in rich homes and poor,
Wreaths of holly are entwining
Hearts in sorrow and in joy,
And the merry voices singing
Hallelujah to His name.

CHORUS:

Christmas bells are loudly ringing,
Peace to all, peace to all;
Every peal is gladly telling
Christmas joys, Christmas joys.

Each and every one make merry,
As the happy hours roll by—
For we never could grow weary,
Thinking of the morrow's dawn;
For it tells to all the story,
Death to none, and life for all.

Song—Tune of Aloha Oe.

Consolation

When the clouds of sorrow hover o'er you,
And the heart is filled with grief and care,
When the eyes are filled with heavy tear drops,
And the burdens seem too hard for you to bear.

CHORUS:

Then look about, you'll find a score,
Who are in greater trouble than are you;
Just lend a hand, and help some one,
'Twill drown your troubles if you do.

When you long for kind and friendly faces,
Of dear ones who have passed away,
Do not mourn and grieve for ones departed,
For you know you shall meet again some day.

If you would be always gay and happy,
Let your life be ever good and true;
Just keep busy helping some one some way,
That will keep you contented, happy too.

The Organ Grinder

Song—Tune, Beneath Thy Window.

Composed for "Kitchen Band."

My home ees far away, in olda Napolee,
I lova my native lan, in far oof Eetaly.
I no kan talka mooch, in dees Emerican,
My lan eet ees da besta, I lova Etalian.

CHORUS:

I grinda da organ, I grinda al day,
Da monk he helpa me, he tacka da pay.
He danca, I laffa so gay
We macka da mon, we levva dees way.

Ma brudda Nickoli, he kap penutty stan,
He sa for me to kom, to dees Emerica lan;
I macka big meestak, to sella da banan,
I macka da mosta mon, to grinda da organ.

SONG

Happy and Gay

1st Verse

Some bright happy thoughts come o'er me tonight,
I'm thinking of loved ones and home;
Of a cottage that's painted all in pure white,
And a dear loving wife that's within.
Of a dear little cherub whose prattle
Is heard in those walls all the day long;
Oh! how can some say that life is a battle?
When to me it's a beautiful song.

2nd Verse

I labor and toil, but it is all gay,
It makes one so hearty and well;
And when day is o'er, Oh! then I can say,
That labor has not been for naught.
For there is my true one to greet me,
With a sweet loving smile at the door;
And the dear little one, that's as sweet as can be,
Has a kiss for her papa once more.

Chorus

Glad and gay, I'm happy you see,
Each day of my life I am jolly,
Old worry and fret have never found me,
To let them I think would be folly.

Song—Tune, Marching Through Georgia

Composed for "Kitchen Band."

We're members of the "Ladies' Aid,"
Out on a Tuesday night,
A bunch of full-grown children,
With what you call "stage fright."
But we're trying hard to make some "dough,"
You'll surely say that's right,
And "boost" First M. E. forever!

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! We're happy as can be,
To build a church and dedicate it free!
So we are pleased to do our share,
And help the burden bear
By working and "boosting" forever!

Don't you think we're trim and neat,
In gowns and caps of white?
Wearing our blue aprons,
We think we look quite right,
Now, if you like this little song,
Applaud with all your might,
And we will sing on forever!

Now, that we're called back again,
We don't know what to do,
We've had our say and done our "stunt,"
And thought that we were through,
But if you like this song so well,
Why! we'll begin anew,
And keep on singing forever.

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